

NEWS FLASH

PREHISTORIC BEAST ATTACKS!

City Ripped by Raging Sea-Giant From Ages Past!



Science is amazed! Multitudes are stunned!
They couldn't escape the terror! And neither will you!

Your mind may deny it ... but your eyes will tell you it's happening.
Cities, beaches, ships at sea destroyed in its reign of terror! Story on page 3!

Once again, careless atomic tinkering leads to rampaging dinosaurs and rampant destruction, this time in **THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS**. Based on a Ray Bradbury short story called "The Fog Horn," this 1953 Warner Bros. epic featured a towering Rhedosaurus, a frightened Fun City and some really great Ray Harryhausen special effects. TMT scare scholar Jason Thomas has the whole sinister story of the rise and fall of **THE BEAST OF 20,000 FATHOMS**, which begins here and proceeds elsewhere.



Tom Neubert (Paul Christian) survives a dangerous encounter with the rampaging Rhedosaurus, only to find that no one will believe his terrifying tale. They soon learn better, however.

After eight weeks of careful preparation, military authorities are ready to drop a new atomic weapon somewhere in the icy regions of the Arctic Circle. On X-Day, a sleek jet bomber takes off from an airfield, carrying its lethal cargo—a single, low-radiation bomb, more powerful than any other ever produced. As soon as the aircraft reaches the target, the incendiary bomb is released. Brief moments later, there is a blinding flash, followed by the sound of a tremendous explosion that rocks the area for miles around. A giant, mushroom-shaped cloud rises from the point of impact in terrifying testament to Man's destructive power. Entire mountains of ice and snow, melted by the incredible heat waves, are sent tumbling into the freezing ocean. So far, everything has gone according to plan.

Not long afterward, a radar operator at a desolate observation post notices something odd on his monitoring screen. He reports to his superiors that a huge object is moving within the contaminated zone, and all watch the scope as it oscillates wildly. The unidentified object soon disappears, and the men are left to wonder about its origins. They casually assume that the equipment was malfunctioning and decide to leave it at that.

ILL WINDS BEGIN TO BLOW

After the blizzard has been cleared of

The Warner brothers always liked to do movies that were super-holiday with current events. In the 1930's, they did crime epics; the 1940's were war years. In the 1950's, while millions of God-fearing, God-worshipping Americans were building bomb shelters, Warner Brothers Studios gave us **THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS**. It figures.

radiation, a group of four civilian scientists enter the frozen wasteland to conduct tests. Soon after they arrive, a blizzard begins. In spite of the howling wind and near-blinding snow, the team members

THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS, a roaring Rhedosaurus, is awoken from his icy Arctic bed by reckless atomic testing. His malevolent henchmen on the civilization responsible for his resurrection. Symbolically enough, his chief targets are Wall Street and Coney Island, which just about covers the whole range of said civilization.

THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS

BY JASON THOMAS

The savage sea beast prepares to topple a lighthouse in the only scene in the film actually taken from the Ray Bradbury short story on which **BEAST** was "based." Special effects ace Ray Harryhausen managed to get cameras on scenes like this without sacrificing credibility.

separate and begin their routine work. However, one of them sees something that makes him doubt his sanity—an enormous dinosuar! The massive quadruped, released from frozen captivity by the nuclear

blast, is a considerable distance away; it is unaware of the startled observer. As the beast, dragon-like creature moves behind a glacier, the man calls for help. His desperate cries go unheard because of the



The "trif" lighthouse proves no match for the mighty dinosaur, and its unfortunate inhabitants meet with sudden, violent deaths as the monster easily snaps the structure in two.

storm. When the beast reappears, the man tries to run away, but he stumbles into a crevice. Badly injured, he painfully removes his pistol and fires a few rounds into the air. These are heard by Professor Tom Nesbit, who comes running to his aid.

Arriving at the fissure, he climbs down and examines the half-conscious casualty. The man is dead. Professor Nesbit is shocked. Its long, powerful tail causes a wall of ice to go crashing down upon the two men. The scientist in the pit is completely buried by the avalanche. Nesbit survives, but he is in a state of shock. When the other men find him, he is frost-bitten and delirious. They take him back to the temporary base, and he is soon flown to a hospital. There, he is nursed back to health.

Now begins his incredible story about the living dinosaur. A psychiatrist assigned to the case arrives at the obvious conclusion that Nesbit imagined the creature, an opinion supported by the fact that a group of men was sent out to investigate his claim, but no evidence of the monster was found. After a while, even the convalescing professor begins to wonder whether or

not the thing really did exist.



Prot. Elson (Cecil Kellaway) and Tom Nesbit study a model of the dangerous dinosaur while the real thing looks on in anger. The rudely awakened Rhedosaurus seems pretty epy for a creature his size—140,000 lbs., 20 feet long, and 10 feet high. The real Rhedosaurus is a giant lizard that roamed the Earth in the late Cretaceous period. It is believed to be the largest land animal ever to have lived.

Upon his release from the hospital Nesbit returns to his New York office. He tries to forget his terrible experience, but he cannot. He lost a friend, and his position in the scientific world has also suffered because of the wild tale. While he does not discuss the occurrence with anyone else, he wishes that some proof would turn up to substantiate his story.

THE MONSTER STRIKES!

One night, a small ship is sailing along the calm waters off the coast of Nova Scotia. Two men are aboard: the captain and his mate. Suddenly, the crewman sees something that paralyzes his vocal chords!



The captain follows the shocked gaze of his companion and is amazed to see the enormous head of a sea serpent staring back at him! The monster—the one that lives in the Arctic—wasted no time in grabbing the vessel in its huge paws and sinking it!

A few days later, Professor Nesbit reads a newspaper article describing the attack of a "sea monster." He quickly heads over to the College of Natural History to discuss the matter with Doctor Elson. This elderly man is head of the Paleontology Department, as well as being (of course) one of the world's leading authorities on prehistoric life. While he would like to help

Nesbit, Elson must have more "proof" that such a creature exists. He cannot believe that any dinosaur could remain in a state of suspended animation for millions of years and then suddenly revive. Tom leaves Elson's office, determined to get evidence that the monster is real.

Another nighttime naval disaster is reported in the newspapers a few days later. Upon reading the story, Lee Huater, a beautiful female associate of Doctor Elson, pants to know more. She believes that these "accidents" are too coincidental. They spend hours going through numerous sketches of dinosaurs,

...\$25,000?

and Nesbitt finally locates one that resembles the beast he saw—a rhedosaurus! At Lee's suggestion, Tom leaves to find and bring back the survivor of the first boat wreck. Days later, at the university, the man shows a picture from among a large pile of diagrams and sketches—it is the same one Nesbitt chose!

That very evening, the monster is attracted by the powerful beam of a lighthouse located on the Massachusetts shore. The saurian rises out of the choppy water to investigate the strange "animal." After a moment it emits a terrifying roar and attacks the towering structure! The two men inside it rush down the spiral staircase as the giant begins to trample under the giant's onslaught. They are killed as the lighthouse is snapped completely in half. Triumphant, the dinosaur re-enters the sea. (This episode is very similar to Ray Bradbury's story, "The Fog Horn," on which this movie is based.)

The scientists gather all available information on the creature and its sightings. Taking into consideration the course it has been following, they agree that the monster is headed right toward the Hudson submarine canyon, off the coast of New York. Since the military

Tiring of swimming aimlessly through the ocean, the restive Rhedosaurus decides to pay a visit to an understandably frightened Fun City.



authorities still have to be convinced that the dinosaur exists, Lee, Nesbitt and Elson get permission from a high-ranking Navy officer to use a government trawler to search for it.

DOWN TO THE WAVES IN BELLS

When they reach the spot where they think the creature will be, Dr. Elson and a crewman go beneath the waves in a diving bell. As they descend toward the ocean floor, the kindly old man marvels at the wonders of the deep. It is as if the terrain is that of another planet. Although a scene quiet enough, the underwater atmosphere and the innumerable fish, a great amount of activity is actually going on among the sea denizens. Elson and his companion watch the most spectacular of these occurrences, a battle between a large octopus and a small killer shark. (These same scenes were used years earlier in the immortal Universal serial, *FLASH GORDON*.) As the struggle continues, the observers are amazed to see the diners they are seeking is nearby. The thing is walking along the ocean bottom on all fours, headed right toward the bathing

Continued on page 29

Not one for engaging in endless rhetoric, the Rhedosaurus takes direct action against the system by heading straight for Wall Street, where he sends cascading capitalism tumbling into the ocean. (Continued)

Not wanting to cause a panic, the film crew shot this sequence in the early morning, when the Wall Street area is virtually deserted.





The Man-Thing, one of Marvel's more sympathetic monsters, does not have a cosmic golden boy named Wundarr on the cover of *ADVENTURE* #17, October, 1973. The inside story was written by Steve Gerber and drawn by Val Mayark.

Long before the Fantastic Four and Spider-Man were created, Marvel Comics published a series of mystery comic books that featured monsters from all walks of life. Following the EC comic's trend, Marvel named their magazine *Strange Tales*, *Journey into Mystery*, *Adventure Fantasy Tales*, *Horror Tales* and *Tales of Suspense*. In later years, these comic books gave way to the showcases for such new superheroes as Doctor Strange, S.H.I.E.L.D., Agents, Thor, Spider-Man, Ant-Man and Iron Man. For our purposes now, let us just look back on those days in the 1950s and early 1960s when monsters frolicked and played as Marvel's Mightiest.

A runaway space ship brings "Trull the Inhuman" to Earth. Trull, like a centaur that can inhale mortal bodies, leaves his wrecked space craft and wanders about Africa. He soon comes upon a construction site and takes over the form of a giant steam shovel. As the workers try to start up the giant machine, it begins to move under its own will and addresses the

humans. The machine introduces itself as Trull and tells the puny humans of his intentions on earth. He will wage war against the people of the earth and conquer them! A woman is the group panics and runs to the forest with Trull close behind. She stands in the way of the monster's path only to be saved by the "milkman" of the story. Eventually, both are captured by Trull. The alien in his steam shovel gauges charges at the cornered couple with murder on his mind. Trull's charge is blocked by an elephant that the humans had befriended earlier. Steam shovel and elephant ram each other again and again. Finally, the metal of the steam shovel begins to bend and the steam cylinder begins to leak. The alien in the steam shovel grinds to a halt. From its wrecked interior emerges Trull, weakened by the fight. The crew judges that Trull has just about had it and that it will take years before Trull the Inhuman regains the power he has lost.

DREAM DEMONS

Nightmares bring Jim Griffin to the office of Doctor Allen Brown, an older, dream of being shoddy. He storage ribbon-like creatures. These creatures tell him that they wish to observe him and learn how to be human. When he realizes that these creatures do exist as the "Threat From the Fifth Dimension," they leave his dreams. Jim tells Doctor Brown that these creatures do not want humans to believe in their existence, for this would allow them to come to earth from their dimension. The good doctor tries to persuade his patient that these dreams are merely figments of his imagination, that ribbon creatures do not exist and that there is no Fifth Dimension (cept on Motown Records, that is). Jim, however, refuses to trust his physician and swears that the ribbon creatures in his dreams do exist! As he rants on and on, Doctor Brown's shape begins to ripple and soften. It turns color and, finally, into one of the ribbon creatures from the Fifth Dimension. The creature turns to Jim and berates and tells him that once his classified belief ends, the Fifth Dimensioners will be able to come to earth in large groups. Jim tells the creature that he will not allow it to happen. With this, the ex-doctor disappears. Remaining alone in an empty professional office, Jim pledges to keep alive his belief in the other dimension. How

A paraphrasing of an old cliché says that "one good monster comic deserves another." The theory being that if you develop a good monster and put it into a comic, it will sell—thus opening up a new market.

Unfortunately, none of that rather sound economic logic explains the old Timely/Marvel/Atlas comic monsters. All of them were rotten—and that's being kind. Yet they just went on and on and on. If we didn't know better, we'd swear someone was actually reading the stuff.

Be that as it was, Marvel recently had the audacity to start reprinting the old stuff. Big TMT monster freaks.

MARVEL'S MIGHTIEST MONSTERS

BY JEFFREY H. WASSERMAN



This brand-new, semi-well-drawn cover graced VAULT OF EVIL 7 for November, 1973. Unfortunately, the only thing the cover covered was four old Marvel monster reprints. As usual, the monsters had ungodly impossible monsters.

does he do this? Simple! He tries to sell his story to Marvel Comics!

Half a world away, Pacific natives and the U.S. Navy are horrified by a giant crab that plagues the area. The huge brownish crustacean is quickly dubbed "Titano" (to be confused with the giant ape Titano of SUPERMAN fame), which is also the name of this tale. The Navy sends down a hydrographer into the murky depths to investigate. The two sailors find a secret that all is calm beneath the water's surface, until they realize that their bathysphere has come to rest upon Titano's great shell. Titano cranes a giant eye to his audience and then slaps at the bathysphere with a huge claw. Luckily, the two sailors came supplied with diving gear and escape with their lives. Back on board their submarine, the duo hit up on an idea to stop Titano. They order their sub captain a luminous yellow to attract the giant crab's attention. Titano ruffles the Navy sub as soon as it

submerges. At full speed ahead, the submarine races to the north Pacific with Titano close behind. Hours later, the sub approaches a glacier with no intention of changing course, until the last possible second. When this moment arrives, the Navy sub makes a sharp turn. Titano, who is without the precision equipment that the sub has, slams into the ice floe, bringing tons of ice down upon him. Having Titano sealed within the glacier forever, the submarine sails to warmer waters.

"For crying out loud," moans Joe Carter. "I found the *Thing*. From Nowhere!" Joe bends down to the front of the television set again. The picture had faded out during a baseball game and a half hour of adjusting wires and tubes in the set's interior have brought no results. Joe tries again, and this time gets a picture. But...it is not the ball game! It is the blurred images of some sort of science-fiction movie. He tries changing

More traditional monsters loom in THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER #4, January, 1954, the much-maligned monster met up with Count Dracula in a story penned by Gary Friedrich and drawn by John Buscema.



stations, but the movie continues. Consulting the television listings in the paper and asking a friend to turn on his own set fails to clarify things. A science-fiction movie is not supposed to be on at this time! To make matters worse, Joe's friend could not find that program anywhere on the dial! Joe tries to make out what's happening on the screen. The images are still blurred, as Joe tries to get the set's side. And, amazingly, the sound continues. It is a strange sort that tells of savage creatures invading its homeland. Thousands are being mercilessly slaughtered and their defenses breaking down. Joe draws closer to the set and leaps back when the voice cries out for help! He quickly opens up the back of the set again...he has to adjust the tubes in order to get a clear picture. Switching the set on again, Joe gets the ball game in progress and off the air. The sound of the transmission came from another planet. An entire race had just died out, and Joe could not prove it to anyone. Joe's house grows quiet, except for the minuscule noises of two art armies warring just outside of his living room window: two art armies which Joe's television set had somehow picked up instead of the ball game.

ANTI-COMMIE COMIC

In "Fin Fang Foom," the father of two sons in Nationalist China is divided in his emotions. His older son has decided to join the army and fight the communists, but the younger one (Lin Chow, by name) has disdained the country by not enlisting. In order to prove his father's wrong, Lin succeeds to the communist command. He fights his way through the communist ranks and finds the gigantic orange dragon "Fin Fang Foom." The legendary creature is dead to the world; asleep in a coma. Lin applies some ancient herbs to the lips of the dragon and the monster rouses itself from its centuries-long sleep. Fin Fang Foom, up on his Emily Post, takes the mortal for reviving him. Lin, instead of accepting the monster's gratitude, tells the dragon that since he has seen what Fin Fang Foom can do, he is going to put him back to sleep. Realizing that Lin is the only human being who knows how to put him back into his coma, Fin Fang Foom rushes after him. Lin runs to the surface with the mighty dragon in close pursuit. By jeep and horseback, Lin leads Fin Fang Foom through various communist military installations. At each installation, the awakened dragon nearly captures the human who has both revived and threatened him. In this way, Lin tricks the being into fighting his own communist armies, scattering the communist armies, and ripping up the Great Wall of China (and using it as a whip). Lin suddenly doubles back to the dragon's tomb. There, Fin Fang Foom lashes out with his huge fists at the cornered Lin Chow. Instead of being crushed, Lin disintegrates into thousands of fragmented mirrors. The creature had crushed not Lin, but his reflection in a mirror. From another part of the tomb, Lin rushes out with some more ancient herbs and puts him to sleep. He draws service. Fin Fang Foom, like pinning the dragon back into his coma. In the dark recesses of night, Lin returns to Nationalist China and finds his father proud of the dead he has done.

EYES OF OROGO!

In New York's Central Park, kindly old Mister Carstairs is walking quickly, his belt full of strings of frightened people from an invading alien robot. "Oogee! The Nightmare from Outer Space!" turns toward the fleeing crowd. At a height of 100 feet, Oogee's one-gigantic eye stares at the shocked mob. When they stop running, he slowly lifts the earthlings about his plan to enslave all of the humans on the planet. Some in the crowd snicker at the thought, but Oogee has the means to back up his plan. His round eye grows bright and suddenly the crowd quails and falls under his hypnotic spell. He orders them to board his mobile space ship and deportation to his own planet. Mister Carstairs, having decided that he's heard enough, picks himself up and approaches the robot Oogee. The giant alien robot pounces over the little man. Mister

Carstairs challenges the invader to hypnotize him. Oogee, being a better man (robot?), glares at Mister Carstairs, but the old man only asks the robot what's keeping him. Oogee steps up on his hypnotic power but Mister Carstairs is still unimpressed and unaffected. Higher and higher he increases his hypnotic power until flashes of electrical sparks fly from his metal dome. Explosions come from Oogee's interiors and the kindly behavior ceases at Mister Carstairs' feet. The crewman is a cold man, slapping him on the back and congratulating him for defeating the monster. A reporter steps up to Mister Carstairs and asks how he managed to destroy the invader. "It was the one thing Oogee hadn't counted on" replied Mister Carstairs. "You see, gentlemen, I am totally blind! There was no way he could hypnotize me!"

Postscript: He is always being belittled by his friend Lin Chow and his reason to doubt that his girlfriend really loves him. You see, Howie is a dreamer. Since he is rather short and not so good-looking, Howie retreats into the fantasy world of comic books. There he finds heroes whom he could hope and dream to be. On particular night, Howie finds himself all alone in one of the labs, dreaming of the powerful comic monster "Brutul" "Brutul" (as you may have guessed) is the title of this particularly monstrous tale. Now as you all know, you're the whole year in a laboratory with many atomic reactions. You should always be alert. You should be careful as not to trip over something like a pencil and fall against one of the atom-smashers. But then again, Howie is daydreaming. Bumping against one of the machines, Howie is bombarded by radiation. Instantly, he fleishes out and begins to grow orange hair all over his body. When the transformation is complete, Howie has become his idol, the



THE LIVING MUMMY started an unusually successful series that lasted for 10 issues. The title of the Unknown, which is a different, less mysterious way of saying "The Revenge of the Dead" or "The Revenge of the Living Dead."

monstrous Brutul! Howie smashes out of his lab and is fired upon by the police. Soon, even the army is after him at full strength. Howie desperately runs to his girlfriend Anne's house for protection, but finds that she believes he killed the man she loved at the lab. Howie finds out to his surprise that she really does love him and rushes back to his lab. There he quickly activates the reactor again and bathes himself in its rays. When the police rush in, searching for Brutul, they only find Howie holding Anne in his arms. The two of them have found happiness.

PROF. MUNCH'S MONSTER

Tucked away in the Alps, Professor Munch is angered that his colleagues have overlooked him in scientific advancements. And so the scientist retreats back to his laboratory to create a creature of revenge. "The Thing Called IT" slowly takes shape on Munch's surgical tables. After dozens of trials, IT rises from the table and takes its first step. The professor is overjoyed until IT falters and dies. The disappointed scientist then dumps the



DEAD OF NIGHT—
and to be sure,
in any way
confused
with the
astounding
British horror
film of 1946—
was another Marvel
superhero comic
from the
EC vein.
Here a haunted house visitor
is confronted
by the
inhabitant in
DEAD OF NIGHT
1, December, 1973.

giant humanoid into a nearby swamp, only to find that the swamp provides the missing element that IT needed to live. IT pulls itself from the swamp and approaches its master. Joyously, Professor Munch begins to rub IT's head, but IT has ignored his genius. The mud-covered humanoid tells Munch that having been blessed with life himself, he cannot take other lives. Munch decides that he will commit the murders himself, but that he will kill his creation first. The professor rallies the townspeople to his cause, telling them that IT is a murderous monster. IT weekly tires to persuade the people that he is not violent, but they will not listen. Retreating to a created castle, IT is set upon by Munch who tries to drown it of dreams. Munch dashes toward his creation, but IT steps out of the way and Munch goes sailing over the castle's embankments. IT looks at his creator's lifeless body, regretting that his master has lost the blessing of life. As the townspeople catch up to the giant humanoid, a lightning bolt strikes both creator and creation. When the smoke clears, IT is dead and Munch is alive. However, it is a very different kind of life. In a very strange way, the lightning drove IT's mind into Munch's dead body and breathed life into the human form. Happy to be now human, IT swears that he will use his new body only to benefit mankind.

MARVEL FISH STORY

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, "Titan, the Amphibian from Atlantis" slowly rises out of the New York harbor. His gigantic proportions dwarf all the ships in the bay. The orange and scaled monster runs through the city, creating panic and destruction. In Times Square, Titan attacks the people and tells them that his underwater race of people are running out of room and that they intend to conquer the surface world. But first, they need information on earth's defenses. For this knowledge, the amphibians will give untold riches. The people stare at each other. Would any of them betray the human race? Suddenly, a man cries out from a skyscraper, telling Titan that he will take the amphibians up on their offer. Titan pushes the man to the edge of the building to kill him. The treacherous. They enter his office, but find him hanging from the window ledge waiting for Titan. The man's shot succeeds in silencing the man when he is saved from them by Titan. The amphibian tells the man that the treasures will be given only for useful information and that death awaits him if he cannot help their

invasion. The man agrees to the terms and is taken by Titan to the underwater kingdom of the amphibians. After years to come, mankind mobilizes for the invasion and forgets all its petty disagreements, never knowing that their " betrayer" lied to the amphibians. The man told the sea creatures that mankind has overwhelming weapons at their call and could easily repulse any invasion. The amphibians are stunned! They expected the man to aid them and instead they find him telling them that their war with the humans will fail. Realizing that the man knows he faces death, the man believes him to be traitor, the man has, unbeknownst to all, become a modern martyr.

Many other monsters appeared with the ones mentioned here. With half of their names sounding like the backfire of an old motorcycle and the other half like a man choking, these mighty monsters flourished in Marvel's early magazines. Today, they are still popular as reprints in Marvel's color and black-and-white comic. Along with these other creatures, Marvel is also busy printing the many adventures of the Frankenstein's Monster, Dracula and the Werewolf. To be sure, Marvel's Biggest Monsters are still on the move! ■

Like many of Marvel's versions of standard monsters, the Werewolf looks like he's been out for a while, his time in bodybuilding. WEREWOLF BY NIGHT is another of Marvel's attempts to transplant classical monsters to comic book pages.





bitten by a werewolf ... and Jack proves no exception. Jack survives with the aid of a Curad and some iodine and returns to Washington with his mistress ... and the hairy curse.

RIGHT-WING WEREWOLF

Once he is back in Washington, some interesting things happen to Jack. He is called to the White House to meet the President. The President thinks Jack has been banished to the wilds of Budapest because of his pro-administration views, something his liberal newspaper frowned upon. The reality of the situation is that Jack left the USA to get out of an embarrassing romance with ... the President's daughter. Unsuspecting, the President asks Jack to become his press aide for the upcoming elections. Jack accepts and proceeds to go about his business at parties, meetings and fund-raising dinners. Curiously, a mysterious killer is also making the political rounds leaving a mangled trail of broken corpses behind as unwanted campaign contributions.

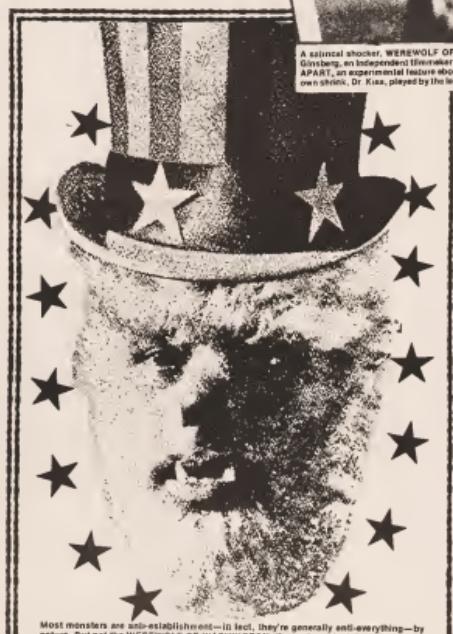
The first victim is the wife of a Supreme

Court Justice. Well, it was bound to happen sooner or later; political corruption, bad karma and a full moon finally conspired to turn him into a right-wing reporter into a werewolf and create yet another nice mess for an otherwise embattled administration. Former child star Dean Stockwell plays the Left-leaning lycanthrope.

Washington, D.C., the White Collar Crime & Conspiracy Capitol of the World, has more problems in store for it than were ever dreamed of—not even Nixon's wildest flights of fancy. It seems that a lycanthrope is loose in the White House, and it all happens in Milton Ginsberg's **THE WEREWOLF OF WASHINGTON**, a satirical horror film previewed here by TMT Media Editor and freelance wolfbane dealer R. Allen Leider...

The Monster Times has the proud distinction of being the first publication to bring to all its readers a sneak preview of the world's first political-satire horror film, **THE WEREWOLF OF WASHINGTON**. Before we begin, however, we at TMT want to squelch certain scurrilous rumors that have been circulating about the film. Let's make it perfectly clear: **WEREWOLF OF WASHINGTON** was produced by a fine team of monster-type people and is not to be confused with any film taken at the Watergate Hotel. Nor is the film an edited version of any major political figure's home movies. We know how easy it is to start these gossipy things and we just want to set the record straight.

Our lycanthropic legend opens in Budapest, Hungary, where our hero, Jack Whistle (Dean Stockwell), is a journalist and member of the Washington Post Corp. (It is a known fact that newsmen make the best monsters.) Jack is recalled to Washington by the President and decides to take his French-Rumanian mistress with him. Together they brave the hazards of the Carpathian mountains to get to the airfield. Now, as any well-informed Transylvanian will tell you, the Carpathians are treacherous and the roads haven't been repaired since the year Vlad the Dracula left public service and started to stick people for free drinks. So Jack and his friend rack up the car in a ditch and are forced to go the rest of the way on foot through the dark, forbidden Transylvanian forests. FACT: Nine times out of ten, a person walking alone in the Transylvanian forests will come upon a band of Hollywood gypsies and will be captured, tortured and eaten. The administration publisher, a revolutionary hippie organizer, and others ... all women. It might be well to note here that for some unknown reason both vampires and werewolves seem to be hopelessly chauvinistic



Most monsters are anti-establishment—in fact, they're generally anti-everything—by nature. But not the **WEREWOLF OF WASHINGTON**. If your heart isn't in this country, there's a good chance this patriotic lycanthrope will try to tear it out by the roots.

in their attitude towards their victims. That subject might be worth someone's investigation at some later date.

Anyway, back in the bulking, when he tries to explain to the President he is laughed at. The President is having too much fun letting the Attorney General blame the administration's general eccentricities for the random and round findings of werewolves in the White House. The shrink, played by Michael Dunn (in his last film role), is busy not only with his duties keeping the brains of the nation kink-free, but is also



A satirical shocker, **WEREWOLF OF WASHINGTON** was written and directed by Milton Ginsberg, an independent filmmaker who stirred some controversy a few years back with **COMING APART**, an experimental feature about a schizoid shrink played by Rip Torn. **WEREWOLF** is also the life Michael Dunn.

room of the White House? Or the Presidential bowling alley, with his hairy finger still stuck in his AMF ten-pound ball? Or, worse yet, the White House swimming pool? Times are tough all around for the President and the last thing he needs are headlines like **WEREWOLF LOOSE IN THE WHITE HOUSE**, which appear in the morning papers. Who's afraid of Virginia Werewolf? The President is ... but he needs Jack for his campaign, so he insists on Jack accompanying him on a critical mission to bring the Chinese foreign minister to the White House. Jack gets the full moon blues again in a hilarious scene that fittingly concludes this unique film.

The people at Diplomat pictures, who produced this film, show promise at being in on a new wave of horror films. Writer-director Milton Ginsberg has taken the headlines and a lot of imagination and transformed them into a ghoulish stew of comedy and horror with a satiric twist that makes one wonder how much imagination really is in the picture and how much of it is being held back by the censors. Bob Obarowich's werewolf make-up is a bit different from the standard foamy mask usually worn for such occasions, and Dean Stockwell, who's obviously been practicing his canine instincts, turns in a fine performance. Riff McGuire's President is not based on you-know-who, but is a conglomeration character he created with Ginsberg to spool all heads of state ... at least, that's what everyone told us. The rest of the cast of newcomers perform ably, and the special effects and special note must be made again of the late Michael Dunn's demonic Dr. Kiss.

Well photographed in color in a semi-documentary style, the film will fill every monster lover with 90 minutes of chills and laughs. It is also gratifying to note that we are approaching a period when some monster films are being produced as vehicles to express opinions and not just as amusement. More on this trend in future issues of TMT. For now, just sit under the full moon, scratch your ears, adjust your Sergeant's flea collars and wait for the **WEREWOLF OF WASHINGTON** to skulk into your neighborhood. It's a treat.

WEREWOLF OF WASHINGTON (1970 Diplomat Pictures) Running time: 90 min. Written and directed by Milton Ginsberg. Starring Dean Stockwell, Riff McGuire, Corinne James, Benson Carroll, Jeff House, Michael Dunn, Barbara Streep, Stephen Cheng.

THE MAKING OF... HIGH ADVENTURE

BY MARK EVANIER

Besides being a TMT contributor of no small renown, Mark Evanier writes funnybooks. He writes all kinds of funny books—like **THE BEAGLE BOYS**, **CHARLIE GHAN** and **THE CHAN CLAN**, **THE ROAD RUNNER** and **SUPER-GOOF**. Every once in a great while, however, Evanier goofs off and writes some serious stuff. Here he tells how he scripted and produced **HIGH ADVENTURE** comix. Which was a high adventure in itself, we're sure.

Underground comix ain't what they used to be.

Not so long ago, they were a new, surging outlet for the more creatively warped—mostly young, irreverent offspring of the Visual Age of *ocean*—or *way* want-to-be-superheroes. Not the kind that go forth unto the world under the Comics Code regalia. Those comics, the products of the major publishers, have to appeal to a specified, pre-sweetened market and must be approved by the Comics Code censorship board. After all, there is always the danger of something being said.

That, in twenty-five words or more, is how underground comix came to exist. How they grew into a space industry is another story, though—one having to do with the following articles in national magazines, college audiences, Crumb and Shelton, sick humor and, most notably, a goodly number of consumers who found conventional comic books to be strikingly devoid of imagination and scope.

Not all underground comix are imaginative or even entertaining—as the field grew, the uncreatively warped joined in and flooded the message underground outlet. It's a shoddy concept that's often substituted disgust and grossness for ability. But if you apply a modicum of discernment and rummage through your neighborhood Adults Only comic rack, you'll find an ample supply of quality reading matter—providing you have a palate for the different and daring.

One new underground that you may find will, I hope, be classed with the more elite. **High Adventure** says the logo and its creators have attempted to do something rather unlike the current offerings of the

major publishers. The editor and head writer is *Yours Truly* and faltering modesty prevents me from quoting more than one of the compliments received, thus far: "Refreshing and innovative," said one employee of a well known comic house. Of course, there were negative reviews, as well. The columnist for *Comics* *Review* said that I would have been laughed out of D.C. and Marvel, had I gone to them with **High Adventure's** script. He apparently missed the point of the whole venture, we weren't trying to emulate the kind of material published by D.C. or Marvel, both companies with which I've been associated. **High Adventure** is an alternative.



LORD SABRE, the author warns us, is a sword & sorcery strip for people who like sword & sorcery strips. The satirical story—about an oppressed off-worlder's efforts to heroic tendencies—is pasted by Mark Evanier, illustrated by Stephen Leialoha and John Pound.

Bob Kline, a talented fanzine veteran, had a painting done years ago of a bearded futuristic hunter—a dinosaur slayer. You'll find it reproduced in the **Robert Kline Portfolio** (ad elsewhere) along with other reptilian creatures that Bob renders so magnificently. The painting—of the kind of strip that Bob wished to tackle—dove-tailed with a science-fiction idea that had been ricocheting around my hollow cranium for many months. I named him



STALKER and scripted the first installments in a serial which, I hope, shows Bob's abundant talents off to full advantage. Chapter one is groundwork and nothing in it is quite what it seems. Chapters two and onward will follow when Bob completes his design work for the Salurday morn "Star Trek" in a different s-f vein. Bob illustrated **NIMBUS**, a short which serves to introduce the title character—master of a space colony of lovely and pulchritudinous maidens.

Mike Royer is usually associated with the initials **K.R.** and **C. Royer**, an assassin which often eclipses his own, slick artwork. What Mike wanted to do was **ANNIKI**, the story of a fearless (and bra-less) young beauty, inspired by the legends of *Kalevala*. Mike has asked me to collaborate on the script but I became ensnared in deadlines on the funny animal comic I write. It was just as well—so, Mike created a powerful graphic story, steeped in legend and witchcraft.

SABRE & SORCERY

In another heroic vein, Stephen Leialoha wanted to draw a story of sword-and-sorcery—a genre that I've never been able

to cultivate any taste for whatsoever. I am still on page three of the first **Canan** book—and that's just the table of contents. So, I resolved to write a sword-and-sorcery story for those folks who, like me, are too toyed by barbarians. If you love sword-and-sorcery, you'll loathe **LORD SABRE** and, hopefully, vice versa. Leialoha is a relative newcomer who boasts a fresh, bold style that I predict here and now will make him a star. Finally, I've enlisted the aid of John Pound, a wonderfully versatile underground artist, whose works have highlighted **Death Rattle**, among other publications. Like all our artists, John is another destined for the artists' equivalent of Hollywood stardom.

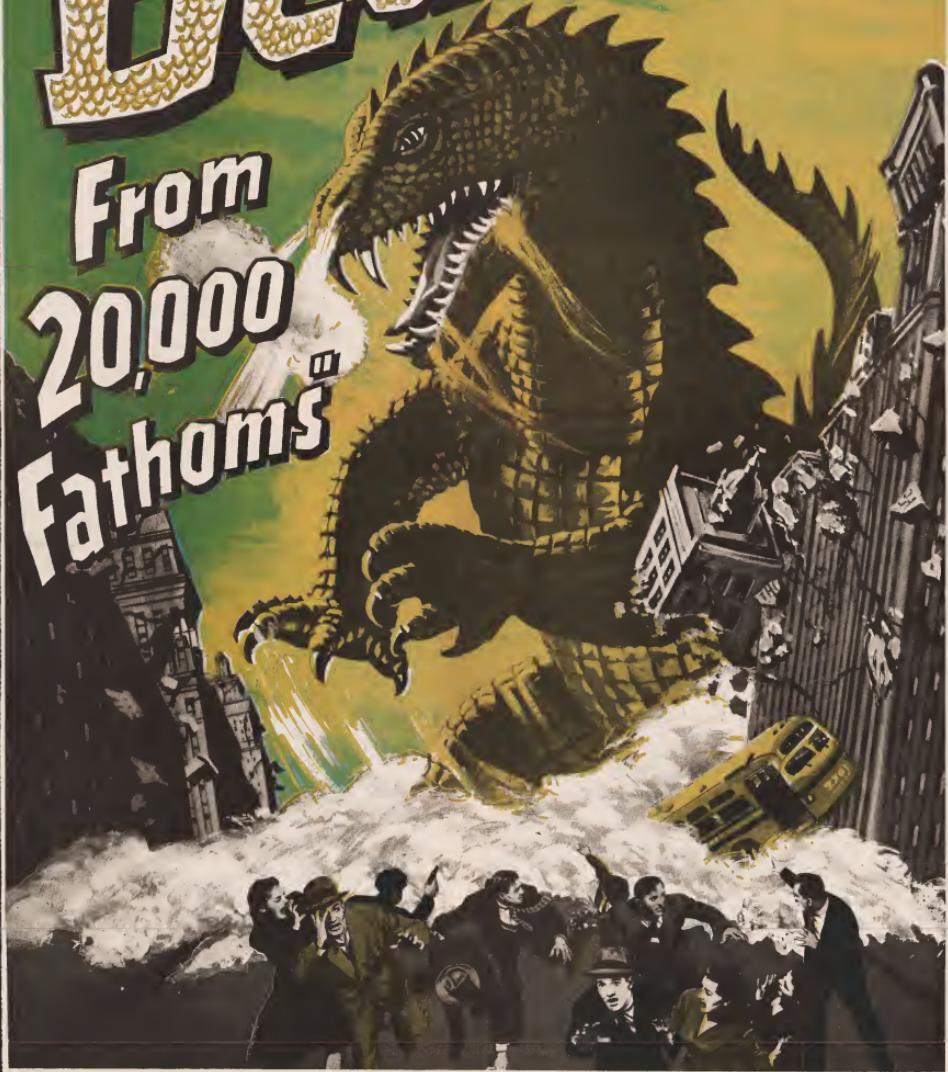
HIGH ADVENTURE is published by Krupp Comic Works, P.O. Box 5699, Milwaukee, Wis. 53211. Check your local underground rack or send the folks at Krupp fifty cents—plus 15¢ postage—plus a statement that you are over eighteen. I'll be glad you did.

HIGH ADVENTURE sports this rugged wraparound cover and is available for 50 cents plus 15 cents postage from Krupp Comic Works—but you gotta be over 18 to buy it because of its sex, satire, violence and other adult-type trappings.



D.C. ink artist Mike Royer took a great leap forward by drawing and writing **ANNIKI**, a strip about a semi-clad superheroine appearing in **HIGH ADVENTURE**

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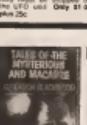
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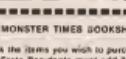
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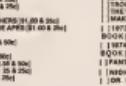
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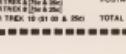
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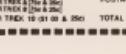
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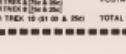
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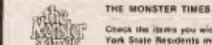
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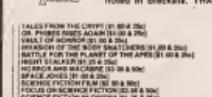
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THE UFO'S ARE BACK!

Aliens paid a violent visit to Washington, D.C. IN EARTH VS. FLYING SAUCERS back in 1955 and, while that invasion transpired on celluloid, many UFO-watchers claim that there are similar visitors currently hovering over American heads in places like Pennsylvania, Michigan, Texas, New York and even Pascagoula, Mississippi.

The latest flurry of UFO sightings across this nation has surpassed even the famed "Saucer Scare" of the early fifties. Americans in widely separated parts of the country have been reporting "things in the sky" almost daily. A number of the sightings have been explained, but the vast majority remain mysterious.

Perhaps the most intriguing of the new UFO tales involves two Mississippi men who claim they were taken aboard a UFO by three space creatures. 42-year-old Charles Hickson was fishing with 18-year-old Calvin Parker off an old pier in Pascagoula, Mississippi. The two men later told officials they saw a strange object approaching in the sky, surrounded by a blue haze. The two men said they were taken aboard the UFO by three weird creatures with crab-like hands and pointed ears, examined, and then released. At first glance, the two men seem to be telling a fake. It had all the details of hundreds of similar tales that had been proven to be hoaxes. Yet these were credible men. Both were employed at the W.B. Walker shipyards. The local sheriff described both as "scared to death," when they went to report the incident. So, the experts were called in to try to determine the truth. Dr. Allen Hynek, of Northwestern University, and Dr. James Harder of the University of California spent a week interviewing the two. Hynek, who heads the Astronomy department at Northwestern, said: "There's no question in my mind that these men have had a very terrifying experience. Under no circumstances should they be ridiculed. Let's protect these men." Dr. Harder put the men under hypnosis. Harder said their experience was definitely traumatic. He said the men showed emotions and very strong feelings of terror that were impossible to faking under hypnosis. There was other evidence to show that the men were telling the truth, including the results of lie-detector tests. So, as impossible as the story may sound, there are strong indications that it actually did happen.

ALL EYES ON THE SKY!

While the Pascagoula incident has so far been the most startling UFO report, there have been hundreds of other well-documented sightings around the country. For the most part, the witnesses have been reputable persons of good standing in the community, and a surprisingly large number have been military men and law enforcement officials. In Pennsylvania, two state policemen reported a UFO over the Delaware County campus of Pennsyl-

vania State University. In Michigan, a Macomb County deputy sheriff reported sighting a mysterious ship, with a smaller craft trailing behind it. A Benham, Texas, policeman said he saw a cigar-shaped UFO, glowing red at each end. Perhaps the most chilling official report came from officials in Surry County, North Carolina. A police dispatcher received a call from a local resident who reported that a UFO went down at a pond in a remote area south of Mount Airy, North Carolina. While the resident told him he heard a buzzing sound and heard it in the background of the telephone. Deputies made a tape recording of the conversation, and later played it for newsmen. Two deputies were dispatched to the scene and reported seeing a light down river that appeared to be some 200 yards away. When they went to take a closer look, the light quickly disappeared. Then they noticed a light some 300 to 400 feet in the air, glowing solid red. It rose and moved across the sky.

The deputies continued down the river bank and saw other UFOs, one with green and white lights, another glowing white, with a larger red craft hovering over it. All eventually moved out of sight.

SCIENTISTS SPLIT

Not surprisingly, the experts are divided on the latest rash of sightings. Dr. Arne Sletbak, the chairman of the Ohio State University Astronomy Department, says: "I personally totally reject the possibility that earth is being visited by intelligent life from elsewhere in the universe. Sletbak says, "From what we know about the formation of stars, it makes it seem probable that there is intelligent life elsewhere. I don't believe life on earth is unique." On the other hand, Le Ron Cokla, an astronomer at Michigan State University, says many of the sightings can be traced to the planets Venus, Mars, and Jupiter, which often appear as bright lights in the sky. At any rate, the scientific skeptics seem to be pulling out all the stops to come up with explanations for the UFOs.

They've dragged out radar quirks, gases, clouds, balloons, stars, planes, birds, and a host of other possible sources of the sightings. But in a large number of cases, these explanations just don't hold. Early in September, Ross Clinton reported seeing an egg-shaped object go down near Griffin, Georgia. A state chemist investigated the area almost three hours later, and found the soil temperature close to the boiling point of water. Back in October, a National Park Service Ranger reported seeing a flying saucer with red, green, and yellow solid red. It rose and moved across the sky.

JOKE AND HOAXES

One contributing factor to skepticism has been the tendency of some to consider the latest flurry of UFO activity as one big hoax. As was the case in the early fifties,

THIS cartoon appearing in a recent issue of CARNIVAL, a British magazine, attests to the longevity of the UFO-sighting tradition. But skeptics beware: there just may be an eye in the sky trained on you... even as you read this.



"They just don't build them like they used to."

there's been no shortage of "practical jokers" hard at work casting doubt on authentic sightings. In mid-October, traffic backed up for miles near Greenwood, Delaware, as motorists stopped to stare at a bright orange object. It turned out to be a dirigible, noted with glowing lights, powered by a fire department generator. Five volunteer firemen were charged with disorderly conduct for their part in the "joke." Near Austin, Texas, a group calling itself "The Association for the Understanding of Man" set up a circle of lights to attract UFOs so they could get some pictures. A group of seventh graders at Oologah, Oklahoma junior high school marched around the football field carrying flashlights covered with colored paper, hoping to attract space visitors. These are the kinds of things that tend to take away from serious efforts and fuel the fires of skepticism.

One scientist who's grown increasingly worried about the hoaxes and their effect on the public is nuclear physicist Stanton Friedman. Friedman says he and many other scientists are convinced the UFOs are real, but he says most won't admit it openly because of the ridicule that surrounds the subject of UFOs. He says many of those who refuse to admit the existence of UFOs do so simply because they have no proof for them. He points out that man has always fought the theory that he's not the master of the universe, and to admit the existence of a superior intelligence in the solar system would hurt the ego. Friedman says it's time to gather the top scientific talent of the world together, spend some money, and begin an effort to study UFOs. Unfortunately, the prospects for such a project are dim. In 1969, after spending two years and \$500,000, the Air Force halted its UFO study "Project Bluebook." Dr. Edward U. Condon, a physicist who headed the Air Force study, said in a recent interview that he felt the project was a waste of government money.

The problem now, of course, is that there is no official government organization looking into the overall situation. The problem was brought home dramatically recently in the tiny town of Gloversville, New York. Some fifteen people sighted a bright UFO in the sky, above the Mohawk Valley community. The Fulton, Montgomery and Fulton County Civil Defense Department, and in turn, reported the sightings to the Air Force, only to be told that the Air Force was no longer investigating such matters. Somehow, I don't find that too comforting!

The Monster Times Teletype

...is our way of getting the latest hot-off-the-press news into your home, serving up all the news of what's cookin' in every medium, from the raw to the well-done: previews, reviews, bulletins and comments on the latest in horror, fantasy & sci-fi happenings in films, books, comics and even real life. We have spared no coats, time or tender egos in bringing you this expanded edition of the bimonthly teletype, so feel free to send us letters full of lavish praise for our all-star efforts to keep you 'in-the-know.'

BY BILL FERET

Well, STAR TREK fans were certainly delighted to hear the news that Gene Roddenberry and company was producing TWO new series for the Tube, PLANET EARTH 2133 is set for ABC, while a second pilot even through the same studio, GENESIS II, was aired on CBS, while QUESTOR is having a sequel pilot made too, with hopes that they'll go into full production. I can't say about GENESIS II if it's first time I saw it, but the second airing I enjoyed it considerably more, especially Marlene Hartley's performance.

Hammer's new film, SATANIC RITES IN ACACIA, due next month

"Awright, so maybe my Bela Lugosi needs a little work... but I can still do a great Cary Grant."



Tony Curtis plays an unctuous Count Dracula, supported by Rich Little as the Wolfman and Frank Gorshin as Stein-Monster, in a musical comedy-musical spoof, KOPYCATS, a syndicated TV show that at times seems like a musical comedy. Also seen are ghouls George Kirby and Manty Nichols. As far as we know, this is the test opportunity that Tony—who began life as Bernie Schwartz in Brooklyn—had to play a

captioned for TMT for news of further important firsts.

business in London and ought to be turning up on this side of the ocean any time now. Cushing and Lee naturally star.

Our international will be releasing HORROR HIGH any day now. Is a sequel called CREEPY COLLEGE due?

The musical-fantasy-spectacular MARCO has been garnering rave reviews, Des Arnaz in the title role and 2000 extras. It's got a lot of great new original numbers, and the sets and costumes are fabulous, especially since they came from the studios in Tokyo, creators of the Big "O."

An American international will be distributed by the same company, thriller, WHAT ARE FRIENDS FOR? here in the U.S. Locations were shot in Nose and Party.

John Wayne probably been seeing the ZARDOZ ads here and there, you may have been wondering what's the story. I've already mentioned a future pic, here's a theme for a new "human" Adam and Eve taking over a mechanized world. The title comes from a 1970 comic book, THE END OF Q2. Clever, eh? The effects, costumes and sets are magnificent. The Cannon Group have a little more pic, THE WOODEN DRACULA'S BLOOD, a suspenseful FERN-

TE, starring John Saxon, and another artful art film ENTER THE TIGERS.

Due to the phenomenal success of WESTWORLD, M.G.M. plans a sequel to be called FUTURE WORLD. Lois ticks about "What's to come," provided we're still here to see it.

20th Century Fox will have the Gene Wilder/Mel Brooks horror spoof, YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN, ready for release in November.



A new color TV syndicated series is ready for airing (how do I mean that?) called MY PARTNER, THE GHOST AND THE MAN. It stars John Wayne and the MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E.

International Amusement has ready for release VAMPIRA'S NIGHT ORGY. They serve Bloody Mary's, natchly. William Castle will next produce THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL, and that Ira SHOCK, with Marcel Marceau, has been completed. Arthur C. Clarke's classic CHILDHOOD'S END is now on, if you haven't read it yet, which you should have, it concerns super-aliens beings who have the power of changing up the meat they're made of.

Caroset Associates start work on THE DRACULA SAGA and VENGEANCE OF DRACULA, respectively and, in association with Grand National Films, on THE DEVIL WITH SEVEN FACES.



Samuel Taylor Coleridge's macabre literary masterpiece, THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER, will turn up as an hour-long color TV special. Michael York will star (he received his from 1964). They'll use live action, plus two tons of animation.

People will be the death of the Grand Guignol theater. Having opened in mid-February, LE GRAND GUIGNOL REVIENT ("it's back") is presented by the same one and only plays entitled "The Butcher of White Chapel," "The Horrible End of Dr. Guillotin," and "The Marquis of Sade." Surely it's meant to be fun and frolic. I've said it before, and I'll say it again... "C'est La Gore!"

For those who have been cooing for monsters in this period of relative sparsity, AIP is re-releasing several packages of FOUR flicks to satisfy your needs. "You can't have one bill, mind you!" BLOOD FROM THE MUMMY'S TOMB, NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD, NIGHT OF THE ABOMINABLE DR. PHIBES and THE HOUSE THAT SCREAMED. And if that isn't enough to bug out your eye, the next night you can see YOG, MONSTER FROM SPACE, GODZILLA, VS. THE SMOKING MONSTER, and THIN WITH ALL TWO HEADS, DESTROY ALL MONSTERS. Whee!

But don't despair, you can't have one bill, mind you! THE EXORCIST, the next month will see a dozen more films trying to cash in a little themselves, you'll wonder why you ever got into the business. See SON OF THE EXORCIST, RETURN OF THE EXORCIST DEMON, and POSSESSION IS 9/10THS OF THE EXORCIST.

See you next time.

CON-CALENDAR

The CON-CALENDAR is an exclusive feature of TMT. Across the country, comic book, fan, comic, horror and like like are commonly gathering to buy, sell, trade, collect and listen to speeches. As with most gatherings of nerds, conventions often

border on the insane, but the people are friendly and there's always a good chance you'll pick up some rare finds for your collection. And they're great places to meet people, famous, infamous and plain.

If you've never been to a "con" or "fan convention" you may try one of the following, of course, but then again, why not attend. At TMT will do our part by keeping you informed of all upcoming cons.

DATE	CONVENTION	LOCATION	PRICE	FEATURES
March 10 April 14 May 5	COMIC BOOK MARKET FNI Seating 621 Avenue C Brooklyn, New York	THE HOTEL McALPIN New York City	\$1 at the door	COMIC BOOK DEALS GALORE! No special guests
3rd Sunday every month	NOSTALGIA 4 Church Street Waltham, Mass., 02454	Howard Johnson Motor Lodge	75¢	comic books, puzzles, toys, memorabilia
March 8-10 March 10	COLLECTIBLES SHOW 645 West End Avenue New York, New York	HOLIDAY INN OF N.Y. THE COLISEUM New York City	\$2.00 per person	dealers only: comic and other antique collectibles.
May 24 to May 27	CON WITH NO NAME P.O. Box 261 New York, New York	AMERICANA HOTEL New York City	Inquire for rates.	SURPRISES GALORE!!!
1st Sunday every month	HOLLYWOOD CONVENTION 835 N. Cahuenga Ave. Hollywood, Calif. 90006	HOLLYWOOD WOMAN'S CLUB Hollywood, Calif.	\$1. 50¢ under 12	feature films, book signings # lots of trading and guests

In March, ABC-TV will be presenting WONDER WOMAN, a massive, well-acted, second season of the comic book heroine's adventures around the title character's attempts to smash an evil espionage organization headed by Ricardo Montalban. Kathy Lee Crosby plays Wonder Woman, toppling a coat that also includes Andrew Prine, Cherie Holt, Jeann Martin, Kitai Sayton and Robert Hilt.

LATE FILM ROUND-UP will be a semi-regular (or, more accurately, a semi-irregular) feature, with news and features reviews of Fantasy Filmdom's latest creations. Under the eprise title of *Media Editor*, R. Alan Leider, with the eprise assistance of the TNT staff and John Landis, will analyze the latest in fantasy films, ranging from the lighter fare of comedies to the more serious fare of darkers under the bright light of instructive criticism, concentrating mainly on those films released over the past few months that we couldn't, due to space constraints, review in greater depth. The "late" in "late show," means recent, not "dead" (though that certainly does apply in a startling number of instances). So before you run out to buy the newest movie, catch up on the latest, calloated sordidly. It would be wise to consult these pages first. After all, the bread you've been ye are your own ...

DIR. MABUSE DER SPIELER (1922)
Directed by Fritz Lang, Starring
Rudolf Klein-Rogge, Aud Egede
Nielsen, Gertrud Welcher, Alfred Abel,
Bemherdt Goetzke.

The 11th New York Film Festival (1973) did gears but a real service by arranging the first public screening in New York of Werner Herzog's *DIE MUSIKANTEN* (1972). The photo shown at the Festival, courtesy of Cinémathèque Française, was complete, running nearly four hours, and not the shortened version which was shown at the New York Film Festival. The role of the title character was superbly played by Rudiolf Klein-Rogge. This was the first Mabuse film and can easily be considered Lang's first "imperial" film. In the later 1970s Herzog made *DIE MUSKELENGEL* (1978)—one of the first "modern" monster movies—as well as *METROPOLIS* (1926), the classic M (1931) with Peter Lorre, and *ONE MILLION* (1974), a return to Hollywood, and a masterpiece in 1984.

reckless gambler clawing his way to power and wealth in Post-WW I Berlin, a time of violent social turmoil and glittering decadence. Using his twin gifts of flypaper and dispassionate sides by side, on legal grounds, Mabuse finally succeeds in his plotting before the eventual victory by his opponent and nemesis, Public Prosecutor Norbert von Wken (Bennhard Goetzke).

As might be expected, the overall quality of this film is uneven, especially for audiences too well-versed in Hollywoodized gloss. But the film's effects, especially considering its time of production (when cinema technology was still in its infancy),

Director Fritz Lang has contributed several macabre thrillers to both the German and American cinemas. In addition to his DR. MABUSE films, Fritz created classics like METROPOLIS, GIRL IN THE MOON, and M, the film that launched Peter Lorre's long, sinister career.

remain strong and engrossing. Lang utilizes a variety of techniques—double exposures, animation, unusual camera angles, Klein-Rogge's extraordinary powers of make-up and disguises, and even a few Bondish gimmicks, like a touring car's passenger section equipped with jets for poison gas. Near the end, Lang increases the film's expressionistic content, twisting the sets to even weirder angles to illustrate Mabuse's

growing madness and disorientation. Lang returned to the Mabuse character (again with Klein-Rogge) in a 1932 version (DAS TESTAMENT VON DR. MABUSE, actually a sequel) that was immediately banned by the Nazis and understandably hastened Lang's departure from Germany. A third Mabuse film by Lang, THE THOUSAND EYES OF DR. MABUSE, made in 1961, was never accorded proper distribution and as a result is nearly as unknown as the original and

LATE FILM ROUND UP!

DRACULA VS. FRANKENSTEIN
(1971) Directed by Al Adamson.
Starring J. Carol Neish, Lon Chaney,
Zendor Voros, John Bloom, Anthony
Eldsley.

It's hard to believe that no less than TWO in-depth articles on this lesser appeared in separate issues of Famous Monsters of Filmland. The reason, of course, could be that Forrest J. Ackerman had a bit role as a scientist (he spoke a total of six words in his two-minute appearance). Who are you? Who are you?").

Well, this abomination finally reached New York, and it's too bad that it did. Dracula and Frankenstein have appeared in many movies, but this is one of the worst. The latter was played by lumbering John Blore, who is certainly no Boris Karloff, Zandor Vorkon (who are they trying to kid?) was inept as the blood-thirsty Count. He was a walking echo chamber, complete with a stupid

white-washed face (but having normal-colored arms and hands and eyehds) This was Lon Chaney's greatest silent film, and I cannot

second-to-last film, and J. Carrol Nash's final one, and it was sad to see them reduced to these deplorable performances, which can only make one wonder, under the command of Nash, a descendant of Victor Frankenstein. Other familiar grade Z performers included Anthony Eisley, Russ Tamblyn, Angelo Rossitto and Regena Carroll. All in all, the plot was banal, the special effects were atrocious, the editing was inexcusably atrocious, and there wasn't even enough nudity to please anybody. Do yourself a favor and forget that you ever even heard of this fright film **creature** — **H.P.**

FRANKENSTEIN'S BLOODY TERROR
(1971) Directed by Enrique Equiluz.
Starring Jacinto Molina, Dianka
Zurakowska, Manuel Manzaneque,
Reosana Yanni. *

This is one of the foulest horrors Ims ever made. It is also one of the most fraudulent. The only things in the film having to do with either Dr. Frankenstein or his immortal creation are the title, the advertising, and a very brief mention in the story's prologue. That's it! Since Count Dracula plays a large part in the atrocity, I can't understand why it wasn't called DRACULA'S BLOODY TERROR. The company that released it—Independent International—is also responsible for an American-made disaster called DRACULA VS. FRANKENSTEIN. Avoid their movies.

ward he beats a man who they manages to kill him again. Naturally, the wounded man soon becomes a vicious werewolf. A specialist in the occult is sent for, and the "man" and

DON'T LOOK IN THE BASEMENT (1973) Directed by S. F. Brownrigg. Starring Rosie Holloway, William McGhee.

DON'T LOOK IN THE BASEMENT, yet another slice of raw garbage served up by those wonderful (cough) folks at Hallmark Releasing Corporation, poses the disagreeable tale of a housewife who becomes the victim of a series of grisly murders. The makers of this boring gore film, who should remain anonymous, have the sick audacity to identify the various actors during the end-title with a freeze-frame close-up of their bloody bodies. As you might guess, there is no sex in this movie, except for blood-covered Sam who staggers from the damage to the refrigerator in the kitchen for a last long pull at a grape popsicle.

AIP teamed up BASEMENT, at least in New York, with another piece of trash, 1972's infamous *LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT*. This may be the vilest double bill yet in the history of commercial cinema. —D.B.

THE EXORCIST (1973) Directed by William Friedkin. Starring Max Von Sydow, Linda Blair, Ellen Burstyn, Lee J. Cobb, Kitty Wynn, Jack MacGowran.

THE EXORCIST will scare the hell out of you. I had to say it, folks. Actually, by way of justifying that crack, the film, being amazingly strong in content, is NOT in my opinion, for kids.

THE EXORCIST has been something of a long-awaited event. Troubled productions by respected directors usually are. The budget has been reported as high as \$16 million, despite the strange fact that over one-third of the action takes place in a one-room set. But perhaps strangest of all is the fact that I could actually feel, in time and achievement, a sense of perfection, where a great deal of the movie had been unpleasant.

There are two major flaws in William Friedkin's new film which vitiate it pretty badly, and, ironically, neither element went amiss in his previous effort, *THE FRENCH CONNECTION*. A shallowness exists in half of the characterizations, notably

WILLIAM Peter BLATTY'S
THE EXORCIST

that of Max Von Sydow who is the first important member of the cast to appear. And even more detrimental to the film's chosen style, which is too slick for the content. The gritty, burlesque quality of **FRENCH CONNECTION** would have been more appropriate.

Still, it is a good and odd film. In some ways there are scenes in which it reaches new creative heights. For example, in the realm of horror, *Freddkin* exploits both the horrors of immediate shock, and those unheimlich, insidious ones accessible only through the power of art. The film is produced under the aegis of (a) Leslie Bogart's incredible performance, and (b) through the efforts of the technical craftsmen involved—sound, music, dubbing, special effects, and make-up, etc. of superb. I believe that *W. P. G. Clegg* and *John Boorman* adored the film as much as we did, and have detested those made from their own works. All the horror sequences are as thought-provoking as they are

THE EXORCIST is a modern, fictionalized tale involving the actual possession of a young girl, which purges the body of any demons believed to inhabit it. All the sequences involving the young victim, played by Miss Blair, are cinematic tour-de-forces. The cast is more than adequate generally, and even Von Sydow gains in credibility during the film's second half. It's easily as good as *ROSEMARY'S BABY*, to compare it with something equally similar, American films that ghoulishly elements reach even higher levels than did those in Polansky's film. —R.F.



LADY FRANKENSTEIN (1972) Directed by Mel Welles. Starring Joseph Cotten, Sara Bay, Mickey Hargley, Paul Muller.

LADY FRANKENSTEIN is yet another run-through of a tired formula. The plot concerns a scientist who creates, in the usual fashion, a bulb-headed fellow who in gratitude turns

around and kills him. But (thank goodness), like father, like daughter. HER creature is handsome, since he is meant to be her lover. In the last reel that two creatures fight it out, but once again the villagers arrive with their pitchforks and pitchforks (ignorance??!) to put an early end to it. With a bit of talent, the film, now two

years old but just out getting to New York, could have been a dazzling Women's Lib view of the famous legend. Instead, though it's much better than FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER (which isn't saying too much), it was never quite as interesting as the audience reflexively thinks. —D.B.



NIGHT OF THE COBRA WOMAN (1970) Directed by Andrew Mayne. Starring Jing Sing, Marlene Clark, Roger Garrett.

NIGHT was THEM, a terrible low-budget monster movie. This pinup. It scarcely brings to mind life.

The tale of a snake cult and its leader, a woman who turns into a cobra when she's angry, still has some resonance. It co-stars someone with the ingenious name of "Slash" (Roger Garrett). NIGHT OF THE COBRA WOMAN has all the chills factor of a hot day in July. —D.B.

PHASE IV (1974) Directed by Seel Bens. Starring Michael Murphy, Nigel Davenport, Lynn Frederick.

First it was THEM, giant, radiactively mutated ants roaming the desert, eating strangers and menacing Jim. Then there was the famous HELLSTROM CHRONICLES, mentioning the superiority of the insect world over man's puny civilization. Now Phase IV has come along, a science fiction and suspense fact into perspective with PHASE IV, a terrifying peek into the possible future.

The nightmare begins when a race of super-intelligent ants with strange hypnotic powers (a product of an ecological imbalance caused by chemical pollution and other factors) emerges in the Southwest. These ants are not like the ones we know. They can hypnotize animals and strip their flesh off in minutes as wave upon wave of the tiny black creatures attack their prey.

Nigel Davenport and Michael Murphy are research scientists who discover and combat the phenomena in the desert. Lynne Frederick is a girl staying with them. The tiny power of a creature smaller than her fingernail.

Murphy and Davenport are baffled by the mysterious murders taking place. Soon farmers in the desert notice that the ants in the neighborhood are becoming more and more mutated in order to become resistant to insecticides. Murphy and Davenport try to help the new insects with new techniques, but the result, however, improved ants, even more vicious than their parents. They buy a truck and farm equipment to combat them with chemicals. Finally, they kill off the farmers and raid their fields, stripping them bare. The ants begin to spread across the country.

SISTERS (1972) Directed by Brian De Palma. Starring Margaret Kidder, Jennifer Salt, Charles Durning, Bill Finley, Leslie Nielsen.

Director Brian De Palma shrewdly combines the sickly social satire and twisted, dark shadows of his earlier films (GREETINGS, HI, MOM, GET TO KNOW YOUR RABBIT) with the nightmarish weirdness of the films of Poland to come up with SISTERS. A film that might very well become a classic of the horror genre.

De Palma's signature gorefest-aesthetics have spun a harrowing tale of murder suffocating a pair—or perhaps more than one who's been separated from his/her twin. Separated. Bummed twins and a mysterious stranger with great moonshoe eyes.

Ordinary all

exploder, De Palma shows a genuine gut-grabbing control of his material, including its bloody violence (which deflates many horror directors), and creates a suspenseful, yet extremely suspenseful, including split-screen editing.

Margot Kidder plays the sister(s)—with bewitching effectiveness, whether she's the sickly, good-natured and sweet, or each of you to devalue SISTERS is an intelligent exercise in terror and black comedy that finally makes you realize that the real thrill of horror film audiences derive from being scared right into death. The film, and director De Palma, cannot be recommended more highly. American composer Bernard Herrmann's score equals the ones he composed for PSYCHO and other Hitchcock masterworks.

—D.B.



WESTWORLD (1973) Directed by Michael Crichton. Starring Richard Benjamin, Janice Bardin, Yul Brynner, Norman Burton.

Michael Crichton (of TERMINAL MAN and ANDROMEDA STRAIN fame) came up with a great, fun concept, a flat script, flat characters and only a smattering of originality... and the result was WESTWORLD. Westworld is part of Delos, a kind of 2001 Disneyland for well-heeled tourists. They can have a grand a day, they are free to romp, rape and ravage to their heart's content because Delos is populated by extremely agile and responsive

automatons. Crichton concentrates on the adventures of a pair of young men, in particular, in a futuristic version of a Western town circa 1860—who shoot gunfighting robots, rob banks and consort with automated whores. But, in the midst of their orgies of carnal pleasure, the robots strike back... with a vengeance.

WESTWORLD emerges as a fairly solid sci-fi entertainment, but could have been much better. There are too many unexplained gaps and technical difficulties. The lack of a sense of total suspension of disbelief needed to really involve the viewer. The pace is erratic, suspense scenes lack suspense, the characters lack potential, and the main characters, though adequately acted by Benjamin and Bardin, are just a one-dimensional bunch of clichés. Still, the central premise is appealing enough to make the film worth seeing. Yul Brynner is particularly appealing as a gunfighting robot. —J.K.



SLEEPER (1973) Directed by Woody Allen. Starring Woody Allen, Diane Keaton, John Beck, Mary Gregory, Debra Winger, David McCallum.

Like most of Woody Allen's movies, SLEEPER is a bit of a mind-bender after. When Allen is on, he is very, very funny; when he's off, he is very, very dull. When he's on, he is very, very funny; when he's off, he is very, very dull. After a nuclear holocaust ("someone named Albert Shanker got hold of an nuclear weapon"), Allen is Miles Monroe (Allen) awakes from two centuries of suspended animation and finds himself in a bizarre New World-type police state. The film

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isn't very heavy on plot, but plots have never been the strength of any of Woody's works. Some of the bits are as funny as anything you'll see on screen—like when Woody is disguised as a robot and by chance meets a real robot; or when he has to masquerade as an entirely automaton in order to escape from a death trap. The humor is there, and the film is worth seeing for these alone. Surprisingly, Allen took greater pains in producing SLEEPER than in any of his other films, and this reviewer would have expected, but the film is much more a satire of the culture than a vision of a funny future. If you like Woody's brand of computerized comedy, you'll like SLEEPER. If you don't, you'll probably many of the jokes and bits to annoyed friends who haven't seen it yet. —J.K.



Nigel Davenport and Michael Murphy are research scientists who discover and combat the phenomena in the desert. Lynne Frederick is a girl staying with them. The tiny power of a creature smaller than her fingernail.

Murphy and Davenport are baffled by the mysterious murders taking place. Soon farmers in the desert notice that the ants in the neighborhood are becoming more and more mutated in order to become resistant to insecticides. The ants are not like the ones we know. They can hypnotize animals and strip their flesh off in minutes as wave upon wave of the tiny black creatures attack their prey.

The scientific team discovers what is happening and tries to combat the army of ants with modern scientific equipment. The ants manage to get

inside the computers, chewing the wires and creating short circuits that cause the computerized equipment to blow up.

The only solution is a personal visit to the ants' nesting grounds. This expedition results in the team becoming lost in the desert. Murphy and Frederick in the underground chambers of the super-intelligent society, a computer network turned into a race of ants and computers. They enter the strange hypnotic power of the Swamp Thing. They meet the trio of experts that have made the most bizarre and chilling experience yet. The surprise ending alone is as beautiful as the power of admission, as is the beautiful score by Bernard Herrmann. Ken Mochizuki. No phones here... only real ants, and they're not about to mock up anything. The film is directed by Ken Russell, famed designer and artist, and marks his first attempt to direct a motion picture. His repertory should a healthy mark for this project.

—R.A.L.



Fun City's Finest erect barricades and do battle with the rampaging beast, but the cops can't stop him.

Continued from page 5

fish. Only when the saurian is nearly on top of the octopus and the shark do the men see it. They watch in horror and fascination as the gargantuan opens its mouth and easily swallows both creatures at the same time. Then, searching for more food, it turns toward the diving bell! As it comes closer, Dr. Elson contacts the ship via his radiophones and informs them that the threat does indeed exist. Elson appears to be happy that he is a part of this historical find and keeps on talking as the aquatic monster draws nearer. Meanwhile, the sailor is desperately trying to move their hulking sphere away from the rhedosaurus, which has by now opened its massive jaws in anticipation of another meal. Elson is still talking as the cavernous maw closes around the diving bell and blocks out the light...

HORROR HEADLINES

Two extraordinary stories are splashed across the front pages of the morning newspapers. The most spectacular of the two is an announcement that a living dinosuar has been found. The other article gives the horrifying details concerning the death of Dr. Elson and the sailor. While the scientific world mourns the loss of Dr. Elson, it rejoices at the apparent opportunity to examine such a creature. However, military officials are interested only in destroying the beast. Navy warships and planes are dispatched to eliminate this terrible threat, but they fail to locate it.

A few days later, during the early afternoon, the beast makes its presence known when it emerges from New York City's East River! Dock workers flee in terror as the Leviathan pulls itself out of the water and begins making its way toward the business district of midtown Manhattan! Crowds of pedestrians run in fear as

Finally, the army is called upon to end the beast's monstrous march... again to no avail. Scores of soldiers fall under the debilitating spell of the radioactive rays given off by the hostile monster, while the Rhedosaurus stomps on unimpeded.



the slow-moving monster walks along the city streets, searching for food and crashing automobiles as easily as a human squashes an ant. As an understandable panic spreads, one lone policeman walks bravely toward the towering intruder. He makes his way through the mass of abandoned cars in his solo crusade to save his fellow man. The giant is a fugitive from some prehistoric hell. When he fires at the saurian, it notices him and bends its neck downward. The foobardy officer is effortlessly scooped up in the dinosaur's tremendous jaws and eaten. As soon as the blue-coated morsel is swallowed, the carnivore spots a man who has stubbornly remained inside his car. The rhedosaurus lifts the vehicle high into the air and crushes it between its incredibly powerful teeth. Finding the metal distasteful, it drops the car onto the sidewalk.

Some smart people seek refuge in the subways to escape the incoming gargantuas, while others rush inside buildings. However, many try to run as far away from the giant invader as they can. In their blind frenzy, they are unconcerned with the welfare of others around them. This is demonstrated when a blind man is knocked down by the fleeing masses and trampled to death. The monster kills a lot of people,

nets are raised. The creature is wandering around in the darkness somewhere in between the power lines and the water.

FUN CITY SAURIAN

Finally, the beast attempts to break through the cordon. The electricity and bazooka shells manage to hurt and turn back the dinosuar, but the giant is not stopped by the power of rocket, but the wound is not serious enough to kill the monster. In the darkness, it lumbers off toward the river to escape its tormentors. Heavily-armed infantry platoons begin following the large bloodspots, but after a while some of the men begin to feel weak. With each passing moment, more and more soldiers feel the overpowering effects of some invisible assailant. Many of them have to be hospitalized. One of the doctors notifies operations headquarters that the creature is good radioactive material. It is highly malignant, a primal disease. He urges the officials to stop the ground search, and the order is given to hold back.

Professor Neshitt and Lee are at the command center. Realizing that explosive bombs can no longer be used, Tom suggests that a radioactive isotope shell be rigged up and fired into the monster's wound. This will speed up the monster's



Panicked citizens are too busy scampering for their lives to attempt to halt the horrible progress of the angry, obnoxious monster.

but quite a few others fall victim to the mob.

As the carnage mounts, police units are quickly mobilized and sent to the battle area. Shotgun-carrying patrolmen arrive on the scene and advance toward the rampaging dinosuar. They fire simultaneously, and as the weapon kills, it stings the animal. In retaliation, it turns and violently swishes its tail in anger. The men continue firing, which persuades the creature to seek escape. It spins halfway around and crashes right through a brick building in an effort to get away from the annoying pellets. The inadequately armed defenders are unable to stop the beast, but the National Guard is on the way (strangely enough, without tanks)!

By nightfall, the soldiers have taken up defensive positions throughout the critical zone. A series of mobile searchlights, some straitjacket monitors, and such tension wires have been rigged across nearly a mile of city blocks. In the river, underwater mines have been activated and anti-submarine

internal deterioration due to the original dose of radiation from the nuclear bomb test, and at the same time keep the dinosuar in one piece. Preparations are completed just as a report comes in that the Leviathan has come ashore at Manhattan Beach. The thing is headed straight for the Coney Island amusement park. The army units move in to try and finish it off.

By the time the troops get there, the monster is busy wrecking the massive roller-coaster ride. Neshitt and the authorities soon reach the locale, and not long afterward a special track arrives. In the vehicle are protective suits and the essential radioactive material. Neshitt and an expert riflemen, Corporal Stone, don the white suits and then mount the deadly radium capsule onto a grenade rifle. Since Stone cannot be seen, they have to rely on the noise of the exploding gun in one of the roller-coaster cars. The ride operator is summoned, and the heroes are sent on their way up the spiraling tracks as soon as



the man arrives. When they reach a high point not far from their target, the car stops and the pair get out. They find it necessary to hold onto the railing because their section of track sways occasionally, whenever the rampaging dinosaur crashes into a connecting piece. Despite this, Stone takes careful aim and then fires the special shell. The projectile speeds its lethal way right to the gaping wound in the creature's neck, and the monster is sent into a rage of pain.

The writhing beast roars in agony. It rams against the wooded structure, sending the cars that Nesbitt and Stone had ascended in rolling downward. The short line of vehicles eventually reaches a point where there is no more track and the cars go careening wildly to the ground. This starts a fire, and the flames rapidly advance toward the helpless men.

The winding complex of roller coaster tracks soon becomes a blazing cage that traps the deadly giant. The dinosaur tries to stomp its inferno, but it discovers that all its strength is useless against the painful flames.

The only thing that the two men can do is try to climb down the supports. They do so as the fire spreads throughout the structure. The creature is still flailing about as they set foot on the ground. They turn and watch the suffering beast somehow make its way out of the wooden maze. But the dinosaur staggers about a hundred feet from the "Cyclone" before it drops to its knees. Everyone looks on in awe as the beast rears back on its hind legs and lets out a final ebbing cry. Then it falls on its side, never to rise again. Moments later, with the fire burning behind it, the *rhedosaurus* succumbs to the effects of the radiation and dies.

BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS (1955) Warner Bros. 90 minutes. Directed by Eugene Lourié. Story by John Lee and John Lee Mahin. Screenplay by William L. Purcell. Special effects by Willis Cook and Ray Harryhausen. With: James Arness, John Christopher, Cliff Kelley, Kenneth Tobey, Donald Woods, Lee Van Cleef, Jack Palance, Ross Elliott, King Baggot, Paula Prentiss.

Despite his advanced age, the dinosaur is just a kid at heart.

His long terror trek over land and sea leads him to Coney Island, where he ensues himself by trying to devour a roller coaster.



Is this the end of Coney Island and civilization as-we-know-it? ... Will the avenging beast have the last laugh? ... Now the roller coaster in which the beast is trapped catches the wind and begins to spin. Ripping through a bridge, girders, and cables, the giant capsule careens to and fro, the threat posed by the awesome BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS. But not for long ... he—or a reasonable facsimile thereof—returns to stalk across the scream screen in THE GIANT BEHEMOTH in 1959. You just can't keep a good beast down!



DRACULA LIVES!

DRACULA LIVES, but it's anything but a vampire. Instead, DRACULA is the title of 12 new macabre digest front books from the publishers of THE MONSTER TIMES, including the art of such Spanish-greats as Esteban Maroto. These 12 books are the first in a series of Great Stories of Horror. These 12 issues consist of the same great tales in your fave! And the color is super-duper dandy. All on heavy cardstock. All these books are in English text, ready for the British Isles, Canada, Australia, and the United States. They're \$1.25 each. There are 12 issues in these full color extravaganzas. They can be purchased in lots or six, in lots of twelve, or in sets of 1 thru 12. They're the best in the monster library. The greatest bookbarts and the prettiest ladies should find these magazines.



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NEXT ISSUE!

Next time out TMT will be going ape, all ape, totally and hopelessly ape, with a special All-Grunting, All-Women-Abducting, All-Chest-Beating, All-Ape issue. We'll have simians, apes, neanderthals, baboons in bondage and all kinds apes—big apes, little apes, talking apes, surly apes, friendly apes and even apes out to control your mind! Ape expert Howard Phillips, for example, will be giving a complete story of all five **PLANET OF THE APES** films. Plus a three-film series that represented a giant step forward for simians everywhere. Simian scholars Jason Thomas will be chipping in with an encyclopedic treatise on **SIMIANS ON CELLULOID**, a cinematic history of apes in films that spans the simian era right up to today's newest ape epics. We'll also have a report on the



vulgar abuse simians have suffered by serving as foils for second-rate comedians in Joe Kane's **TOP BANANAS**, a new comedy series in home video films. Plus we'll have an in-depth look at **Apes in the Comics**, a special all-Ape edition of our Monster Scene feature, and a whole horde of host of other gorilla-related goodness. And don't forget a favorite, the **KING KONG**, will be putting in an appearance, too.

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